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Poems

MRS. HARRIETT N. WELLMAN FAIRBANKS

"Not Dead," but "Entered Into Life"

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Introduction

It was the wish of our mother to have some of her poems put together in convenient form to present to her friends, and she had already begun to arrange them when she left us for the better land.

In presenting this little volume we but carry out to the best of our ability her own intent.

BERTHA H. FAIRBANKS.

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The Carder

She sat in the chimney corner,
Carding a pile of tow,
And fair were the dreams she was carding in,
That springtime long ago.

Dreams of far off tomorrows,
Unburdened by work or care,
Of golden eves and roseate dawns,
Fair palaces in air.

And her face was fair as her dreaming;
Her eyes were blue as the sky;
And her hair, soft flowing, a coil of gold
Round her back comb broidered high.

And on her head was a 'kerchief,
To catch the dust and the lint,
As she laid the tow with its glittering shreds,
On the card-teeth's silvery glint.

And softly she carded it this way,
And softly she carded it that;
Then softly she pulled off the filmy thing,
And folded and pressed it flat.

Then she laid it down beside her,
On an old splint-bottomed chair;
And so she carded and piled them high,
Till fifty rolls were there.

With her dreams all folded in them,
A pile of the fluffiest fluff.
Then she wrapped away the cards and tow,
Saying softly, "That must be enough."

And the baby slept in the cradle,
And the night fell gray on the snow,
Where father was wending home from the woods,
That springtime long ago.

* * * *

Far backward the dreams and the dreamer,
The tides of the years have swept.
Where now are the hopes and the glowing dreams,
And the dreamers that smiled and wept?

O Heaven! O land of Heaven!
Are the dreams of this darksome time
All gathered, and treasured, and blooming anew,
In thy fair and stormless clime?

O there may earth's yearnings be answered!
There now may the dreamer know,
The blessed fruition, earth never may win,
Of the beautiful dreams she was carding in,
That springtime long ago.

The Out-door Oven

This is a tale of long ago,
The actors gone, the restless flow
Of time has laid their dwellings low.

An out-door oven, built of brick,
Good solid walls four inches thick,
A broken door propped with a stick.

Grand friends would come that afternoon,
One ne'er forgotten day in June.
Skies, birds, and breezes were in tune.

Closely was packed that oven floor,
From far back depths up to the door;
White bread, brown bread, baked beans and more.

Buff custard pies, and cakes of gold;
Crisp snowy biscuits lightly rolled,
And "fluffs" just bursting from their fold.

Wearied with molding, mixing, beating,
And ceaseless care of oven heating,
Through all the morning hours so fleeting;

Tired mother paused for one look more,
Smiled to herself and propped the door,
Just as a hundred times before.

"So far so good," she softly said,
"Such lovely biscuits and such bread."
Then sought the house with gentle tread.

Meanwhile, three pigs, with noses long,
Adown the green lane strolled along,
Just grunting to the bluebird's song.

"What's that I smell," said hungry Rough,
Raising his nose with lengthened snuff,
"Come through this gate there's room enough."

These pigs, well known as wild and vicious,
Stepped slowly through with grunt suspicious,
But O, that smell was so delicious;

It lured them on in eager race,
Yes that old oven was the place,
Round it they went in hungry chase.

One hit the stick, down came the door,
Disclosing all that luscious store,
Wild with delight, Rough vaulted o'er

The others backs, and set his feet,
In scalding bread, began to eat,
Choked, squealed, and struggled to retreat.

Alas! behind the others pushed,
One moment, cakes and pies were crushed,
Then, desperate, at the wall he rushed.

Call it momentum, force, despair;
He burst a hole and went out there,
Once more a free pig in free air.

Just then, mama with nerves all stirred
By squeals of anguish she had heard,
And, as she ever more averred,

A sense of dread, of ill impending,
Rushed out, her fearful glances sending,
In ruin where her work was ending.

She saw those pigs like rockets shooting,
One from the front, one rearward scooting,
One in a broken pie was rooting.

Too deep for words was her despair,
The oven reached, the ruin there
She scanned with seeming careless air.

But she was pressed with care and sorrow,
What should she do, today—tomorrow?
House full—no place to buy or borrow.

One cake, one loaf of bread, one pie.
Unbroken, only met her eye.
Chickens must take the rest,—one sigh.

Fixing the door, scarce knowing how,
Brushing the trouble from her brow,
“Who’ll mind a hundred years from now.”

In the Old Times

(*APRIL DAYS*)

In the April time, so long ago,
I stood by the big-wheel, spinning tow,
Buzz, buzz, buzz, so very slow.

Dark, rough walls from the ancient trees,
Wholesome cracks, for the cooling breeze,
Fireplace wide, for the children's glees.

Mother busy with household cares,
Baby, playing with up-turned chairs,
Old clock, telling how fast time wears.

Above, the smoke-colored boards and beams,
Down through a crevice poured golden gleams,
Till the wheel-dust glimmered like diamond dreams.

These within, out under the sky,
Bright clouds were sailing, birds flitting by,
Joyous children playing hie-spy.

Up from the earth curled leaves were coming,
Bees in the warming sunshine humming,
Away in the woods the partridge drumming.

O, how I longed to burst away
From my dull task, to the outer day,
But the tow must be spun and I must stay.

So buzz, buzz, buzz, it was very slow,
Drawing the thread from the shining tow,
When the heart within was dancing so.

Then hope went spinning a brighter thread,
On, on, through life's long lanes it led,
A path my feet should one day tread,

Over the hills, in the distance blue,
On, on, the glorious vistas through,
So hope went singing when life was new,

Making sweet fancies, time to beguile,
Till my mother said, with her sunny smile,
"You may rest, my child, I will reel the while."

"Rest," 'twas the rest that childhood takes,
Off over fences and fragrant brakes,
To the woods where the earliest wild flower wakes.

O, 'twas hard to leave, those April days,
That fairy land in the wild woods' maze,
For common work and its humdrum ways.

But my steps were turned, I was up the lane,
Back to the buzzing wheel again,
My yarn had finished the ten knot skein,

And my gentle mother stroked my head,
"Your yarn is very nice," she said,
" 'Twill make a beautiful table spread."

"Your're mother's good girl to work so well,"
O, then, my childish heart would swell,
Till the grateful tears unbidden fell.

My heart beat high with courage and life,
I could face the world with sorrows rife,
And shield my mother from all its strife.

I would toil for her, I would gather lore
From many books, a mighty store,
And pay her kindness o'er and o'er.

She should have rest, in the years to come,
My earnings should give her a cosy room,
Bright and warm for the winter's gloom,

A soft arm chair, for weary hours,
Books and music, pictures, flowers,
All that love brings these homes of ours.

So the sweet dream ran, as the wheel buzzed on,
Till the gleams of golden light were gone,
And the April rain came dripping down.

Ah! my heart, must it ever be so!
Cold clouds shading life's warmest glow,
Hope's flowers blighted in April snow!

In the same low room my mother pressed,
Her child to her softly heaving breast,
And closed her eyes and went to rest.

The old walls crumbled long ago,
Hushed the big-wheel's buzzing low,
Worn to shreds is the shining tow.

Springville Academy

O the sun is shining yellow,
And the apples hanging mellow,
And the fields are getting brown;
For a ramble we are yearning,
Where afar the woods are burning,
And the nuts are falling down.

Sitting in the halls of learning,
Ruthless still our thoughts are turning,
Outward toward the smoky hills.
Wednesday we are out at three,
'Twas an old Academy,
Still my heart the memory thrills.

Let us go! the beechnuts falling,
And the Dryads softly calling,
Whispers pass, and glances wake.
Then through all the hour of "Nooning,"
Little groups of friends are crooning,
All of baskets, fruits, and cake.

'Twas a happy, glad procession,
Naught of calling or profession,
Talked we, as we marched away.
Some were poor, their way were working,
Some were rich, their lessons shirking,
But we all were glad that day.

Glamour of the woods was o'er us,
Glorious hopes of youth before us,
As we picked the beechnuts brown.
Took no thought we of tomorrow,
Heard no note of coming sorrow,
Heard the beechnuts dropping down.

A Memory

Through rose-light and shadow a late bird was hieing,
Slow up the dark mountain the silver moon crept,
The soft summer zephyrs through leaflets were sighing,
And breath of wild roses their memories kept.
The pale stars were shining where waters were sleeping,
Like gems that are lost in a fathomless sea;
As we wandered together, our shadows slow creeping
Behind us in silence, no shadows saw we.
How sweet were those moments, so silently stealing,
As pearls from their threading they glided away,
Till the moon high in heaven in light was revealing
The dark summer forest and mountains of gray.
And my heart whispered softly, "O fain would I never
Have day's sordid cares break the magic of night.
Might we float on, as dreaming, for ever and ever;
With the clouds, and the stars, in the summer moonlight."

Telephoning Mars

Halloo! old Mars!
Sailing so grand among the evening stars;
How do you do?
How is the weather?
And things in general and altogether,
Up there with you?

Some years ago,
You swung toward us pretty near, you know;
Did you make out
What we might be?
And did your glasses e'er reveal what we
Might be about?

Grand things we do.
We feel a trifle more "advanced" than you,
Though younger by
A few short years.
We scan infinity with hopes and fears,
And sweep the sky.

Yet, thank us, Mars:
"He's more like us than any other stars"
We say, 'tis true.
Still you played jokes
Upon us condescending earthly folks
Who trusted you;

Always had moons,
Grand and majestic as our own balloons,
Hung in your sky,
While long our sages,
Whose words of wisdom down through all the ages,
None could deny,

Said you had none.
All unattended you marched round the sun,
Your nights were black,
Your poets knew
No moonbeams pale, with lovers hazing through,
Alack! what lack!

We've found you out.
Now bring your silverware and spread about;
Your balls and things,
Moons, two, (or three),
And sev'ral smaller ones there yet may be,
Besides some rings.

Sincerely, Mars,
Do your folks use those tiny, moony, stars
For traveling?
Leave work and care,
And ride clear round you through the upper air,
An eight hours swing?

Who takes the pay?
We may know this and weightier things some day.
Do your folks weep?
Do heavy care,
And vain regret, and grief their waking share,
And break their sleep?

Children of earth;
Brief is our stay here, where we have our birth.
How is 't with you?
Do your folks die?
Do friends, with breaking hearts, just lay them by,
Hidden from view?

Goodbye, old Mars;
When you are worn to dust among the stars,
I shall live on,
Sometime shall know
Of all those mysteries, which perplex me so,
Here in life's dawn.

**Under the Stars
at Christmastide**

As I gaze on thee, Orion,
Marching o'er the vault of night;
Starry belt and buckler, gleaming,
Ever changeless, ever bright,
Wondrous scenes of olden story
Throng the dim aisles of my dreams;
Ghosts of ages long departed,
Seem to float upon thy beams.

Earthly ages, grand Orion,
Earthly histories, what are they?
What among the hosts of heaven
Is our grandeur, or decay?
What is earth? a mote scarce gleaming,
On creation's farthest brim.
Yet her fame must live eternal,
Though thy brightest stars grow dim.

For thy Maker, grand Orion,
Lord of all, of sun and star,
Sought our world, so full of sorrow,
Death, and violence, and war.
Walked on earth, O wondrous story!
Took himself, the lowest place,
Opened up immortal glory,
To the feeblest of our race.

When from Bethlehem's hills, Orion,
Shepherds watched thy march on high,
Paled thy ray, as light from heaven
Melted down the midnight sky?
When the angel hosts were gathered,
Singing, "Peace, good will to men,"
"Unto God the highest glory,"
Trembled all thy radiance then?

Trembled all the stars, Orion?
Hyads, Pleiads, and their train,
As the glorious tidings rolling,
Swept from earth to heaven again!
Tidings glad,—The gloom is broken,
Satan's bonds are burst in twain.
As the waters sweep the ocean,
Peace on earth ere long shall reign.

Comes a day to earth, Orion,
When the glory of our God,
Shall flow over hills and valleys,
Crown the heights where Jesus trod;
When the powers of darkness conquered,
Shall be banished to their place,
And this battle ground of ages,
Held secure for righteousness.

Sing triumphant songs, Orion,
Earth's redeemed alone, can sing
Of the dying love of Jesus;
The lamb slain, their priest and king.
That new song shall roll forever,
New, when countless years are o'er,
"Praise to God—The highest glory,
Evermore, and evermore."

The Glad Tidings

O'er the mountains of Judea,
In the far off olden time
Youthful Mary's feet are speeding
Winged by thoughts and hopes sublime.

Far away the sea is gleaming,
Sunset blazons rock and tree,
Shines on Mary's face a glory,
Borrowed not from sky or sea.

Ah! those wondrous words from Heaven!
All her trembling pulses thrill;
Wondrous words, the Lord is mighty,
All his words will he fulfill.

Sweep her thoughts o'er vanished ages—
Wave on wave with darkest crest;
Dark with dumb unwritten anguish,
Cruel wrongs no hand redressed;

Toiling slaves and hopeless women,
Looking up with pleading eyes,
On her vision rise and vanish
Like the smoke of sacrifice.

"O, the world is weary waiting,
Must we die," they yearning pray,
"Die and never see the dawning
Of Messiah's glorious day?"

Swells her throbbing heart with burden
Of great joy no words can tell;
He, the promised Christ, is coming
In this sorrowing world to dwell.

In the east the cross of heaven
Leans upon the mountain crest,
See we in a lowly doorway
Mary clasped to 'Lizbeth's breast.

Then the spirits grace and glory,
Came upon Elizabeth,
And her soul arose triumphant
O'er the things of time and death.

"What am I now that the mother
Of my Lord should come to me?
Blessed art thou among women
Blest am I thy face to see.

Blessed is she that believed,
Held not back in doubt and fear;
Unto her the crowning grandeur
Of the ages draweth near.

Crowning grandeur of the ages,
Break thy bonds, O! feeble thought,
O'er us now the watching angels
Bend to hear what God hath wrought."

Mary sang, "The Lord of heaven
All my soul doth magnify.
He hath raised the broken hearted,
And the proud he hath passed by.

"And henceforth among the nations
Haloes on my name shall rest,
And earth's unborn generations
Shall forever call me blest.

"O, to know that I was chosen!
I, the lowly and the poor,
To receive upon my bosom,
Him whose kingdom shall endure."

Shall endure when earth's grand monarchs
Have no longer power to sway,
When the earth and all its kingdoms
Shall have changed and passed away.

April 15, 1865

The blow has fallen, and our Chief is dead.
He whom we loved as father, leader, guide;
Whose truth and faith stood fast when sorely tried,
Whom we revered, as our great nations head;
By dark hate slain—the President is dead.

The blow has fallen! As the solid earth
Quivers and trembles 'neath the lightnings' shock,
The nation trembles. Our poor words but mock
The grief and gloom that shrouds each loyal hearth
O'er this, we fondly say, "Land of our birth."

Through four dark, stormy years we've seen him stand,
As God has given him to see the right;
Steadfast in purpose, mighty in that might,
Unmoved by secret wile or bold armed hand,
Like Heaven's majestic priest, to save the land.

Grief-stricken, we have listened to his voice,
Calling on God for help in direst need.
Now every wound doth ope and freshly bleed;
Since he, the first in our great people's choice,
Cannot with us in dawning peace rejoice.

For gentle spring has come, with songs of birds,
And gentle peace is coming with the spring.
We weep and pray; no prayers or tears can bring
Our leader back with his firm reverent words,
Whose memory, even now, the faint heart girds.

Yet from the stillness of the murdered dead,
A mightier voice than that of living men
Swells to high heaven,—rolls back o'er earth again;
Preaching, unstayed, those truths for which he bled.
Tyrants can hush no more that voice of dread.

O, full of cruelty, the dark abode
Of slavery in every age has been.
The way to freedom and to light again,
For us has been a thorny, bloody, road;
Where, ah, so many perished where they trode.

Now he has fallen in his manhood's prime;
One victim for truth and freedom died
One martyr more his God has glorified.
One more light risen to sweep the stream of time,
Through all its flow, in this and every clime.

**Day of Prayer—
Death of Lincoln**

Our Father while this day,
The nation kneels to pray,
Wilt Thou not hear?
For the Redeemer's sake,
Bid us fresh comfort take
Breathe thoughts of cheer.

We're scattered far and wide,
On land and rolling tide,
On mountains crest,
In valleys deep, and lone,
Where mighty rivers moan
Through the wide west.

Where the low murmur creeps
From far Atlantic's deeps,
The voice of prayer
Is borne from olden homes,
From spires and shining domes,
Upon the air.

Where blue Pacific's waves
The golden border laves,
And on the slope
Where snows in sunlight sleep,
There now they bow to weep,
To look in hope.

To Thee the living God,
Beneath whose chastening rod
Their pleas go forth,
Who meet in humble shrines,
Beneath the rustling pines,
Along the north.

O, Father, loving all,
Wilt hear them when they call
And wilt forgive
The sins of every one.
May Jesus death atone,
Teach them to live.

Each one, and all, to Thee,
A nation pure and free,
Without a stain.
Then all the loved who sleep,
For whom this day we weep,
Died not in vain.

And he the true, and kind,
Who lives for e'er inshrined
In our hearts heart,
May we not clasp his hand
In the immortal land,
No more to part?

In loving kindness given,
Taken so soon to heaven,
We weeping bless
Thee, Who in this dark day,
Did lead us on our way
With tenderness.

Guide with a gentle hand,
The rulers of our land,
In the right way,
That from this trying fire,
We may rise purer, higher,
Nor Thy truth stay.

Till 'neath its widening glow,
The nations learn to know,
And see the right,
Until earth's gloom is broken
As once the Lord has spoken;
"Let there be light."

Lord, Remember Me

Hopeless, heartbroken,
All, all of this life done,
His downward course all run,
In helpless anguish, on the vile cross dying,
With dark, unpitying crowds below him hieing,
The words were spoken.
Came, O, so tenderly, the Lord's replying:
"Today," while heavenly pity filled His eyes,
"True, thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Darkness descended;
A sudden, rayless, night,
At noon, veiling from sight
The mocking crowds, the wondering and the weeping.
Save mourners, and stern Romans, vigil keeping,
Their way all wended,
Where the doomed city in dread hush was sleeping.
Crept on the hours, in heavy darkness slow,
While Jesus bore the weight of human woe.

He, the forgiven,
Felt he the gloom and pain?
Fell not his tears like rain,
Beneath the cross whereon his Lord was dying?
Poured he not forth his soul, in mute replying?
To be in Heaven!
Before the winds of evening, rippling, sighing,
Should stir the roses there, across the sea,
In his old home beside the Galilee.

There in old days,
How he had dreamed of fame;
Of an undying name.
But dark his life had grown—a clouded morning
In guilt and gloom. Alas, unheeded warning!
Misguided ways!
Just was his deep disgrace, the pain, the scorning.
But now the dreams of earth were growing dim.
The promise given; another life for him.

Felt he that never,
Through the eternal years,
With words, or flowing tears,
Could all his love for Jesus e'er be spoken,
Or all his sorrow, for his life's laws broken.
On earth forever
His day was done. No time for labor's token.
But, "O, to think He did remember me!
This day with Him in Paradise to be!"

Down through the ages
Has come this piteous plea;
"O, Lord, remember me!"
Dear answering words, through passing generations,
Sorrowing, repentant ones, in all the nations,
Unlearned and sages,
Where Jesus' words have brought their revelations,
On dessert sands, and islands of the sea,
Have dared to pray, "O, Lord, remember me."

Life

(IN MEMORY OF ULRIC FAIRBANKS)

My boy has gone with Jesus—gone away
Out of this land of shadows into day.
The bible in my hand, I've traced his flight,
Till death and darkness melted into light.
My boy has left me, but he is not dead;
He lives in higher, fuller life instead.
The Lord had need of him, and this is why
He went from us, but he did not die.
His body rests beneath the pines away,
Where snow-crowned Shasta gleams at set of day.
But the dear boy I love, he lies not there;
He walks the fields of heaven, alert and fair,
The glorious lands, where many mansions are—
Where there is no more death, nor grief, nor care.
And God has wiped away what bitter tears
Might rise with memories of his earthly years;
And I, one day, shall clasp him in my arms,
Beyond this vale of shadows and alarms.
I did not bid him here a last goodbye,
I'll walk with him in white beyond the sky.
And O, my friends if you would speak to me,
Speak not of death but immortality.
Life, life in Jesus, still shall be the song
Of my poor broken heart these years along;
Till morning comes, and shadows flee away,
And all our loved are gathered in God's day.

At Point Loma

(ON A CHRISTMAS EVE)

I sit and think, in this balmy air,
While the rosy light fades over the sea,
While the mountains darken across the bay,
And the yellow moon looks down on me,
While the ships glide in, from far off lands,
And the mists creep in from the gray old deep,
And the mocking bird is hushing his song,
And the cricket is trilling the world asleep.
The breath of flowers floats faint on the breeze
The air is fresh with the growing things,
But my thoughts are back in the stormy lands,
Where the snow falls thick, and the sleigh bell rings.
And my children's voices are at the door,
And within is the evergreen Christmas tree,
There are calls, and shouts, and snatches of song;
Ah, 'tis but a memory comes to me!
And I must not think, I am lonely now;
The voices are scattered, some are hushed,
And I look above, to the soft pale stars,
Away from this perishing world of dust.
O, for a glimpse of the light of heaven!
Somewhere above us that land must be!
O, for a glimpse of the vanished faces,
Even in heaven remembering me.

Remembrance

The ships glide in from distant seas,
The morning gleams across the waves,
I wander on these lonely shores,
And pick these flowers for far off graves.

Far severed graves! O, flowers I ween
That your sweet destiny you know;
To deck with bloom, a lonely grave,
Where Shasta lifts his crown of snow;

To bear the dream of vanished years,
Of golden suns and moonlit seas,
Far eastward to that quiet spot,
Where Erie's blue gleams through the trees,

To leave your slopes above the sea,
The murmuring tides and ocean's breath,
To bear for hearts that weep unseen,
Remembrance—love o'er mastering death.

The Spell

And even here
The spell of autumn steals upon the year.
A lingering sigh,
Out-breathing memories of the long gone by.
I turn my ear
To catch the whisperings of some far off year.
Among the trees.
In lone, wild meadows and by far, wide seas,
By forest streams,
Slumber is brooding o'er a world of dreams.
A presence glides
Unseen, among the morns and eventides;
It is the shade
Of all the past; which ever with me strayed,
Sad lyrics sung,
Through lonely fading woods, when life was young;
Still 'thralling me
With dim old dreams, beside this western sea.

Beyond the Bay

In the far purple distance melting away,
The mountains are sleeping beyond the bay.

Grand Cuyamaca his shoulders rears
From the mystic glooms of the ancient years.

Dim as the clouds in their robes of gray,
Paling and fading softly away

The folded ranks of his comrades lie,
Peacefully resting against the sky.

Slumbering giants, upon them well
The silence of centuries holds its spell.

Pale with the mists of their morning dreams,
Rosy with splendors of sunset beams,

Through the blare of day, through the lonely night,
They sleep in the sun or the soft moonlight.

Ships spread their white canvas to linger a day,
Then dim o'er the ocean, all sailing away.

Tides go out forever, and ever return,
And clouds veil the morning, and sunsets burn;

And men sail away, to return no more,
And eyes, dim with longing, look off from the shore,

And changes will come where memories cling,
And O what changes the years may bring.

But there are the mountains, silent and gray,
Changeless forever beyond the bay.

Autumn Leaves

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Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,
Magic web their brightness weaves,
 Gold and red, over head
Through the woods they spread.
Now the wind is swinging high,
See them float along the sky,
High and low, birds they go
 With their golden glow.

Now we run, lessons done,
Where the mellow autumn sun
Sheds its beam, like a dream,
 O'er the leaves a gleam.
Soon their brightness will decay;
They will fall and fade away,
Cold and dead, where we tread
 When the snows are spread.

Amid These Anxious Days

Amid these anxious days, a moment pause
And look beyond this bound of circling years.
Forget engrossing cares, their end and cause
With all their passing joys, and hopes, and fears,
What is this life with all its smiles and tears?
For what the throbbings of thy burdened heart?
What all that chills thee now, or all that cheers,
Success' high triumph, disappointment's smart?
The pageant soon will pass, the actors all depart.

And thou a deathless soul, thy youth's glad day
Will yet renew in fairer worlds on high,
Where dreams ecstatic never fade away,
And sweet old loves, and friendships never die.
There, with transcendent bliss, no lonely sigh
Will e'er steal backward to this transient life,
But each new aspiration soar more high,
No longer fettered by the passion's strife,
Thy home forevermore in realms with glory rife.

Only One Earth

Only one earth in all the universe!
One earth, with aching hearts, and falling tears.
Wherefore my soul, hold mastery o'er thy grief;
Lift up with strength, bring aching hearts relief;
Lighten, in this thy day, earth's darksome years.

Stop not to weep, redeem these passing days.
No world beyond can have such need as this.
Work, then, with God; He worketh hitherto.
A glorious work He giveth you to do.
Pray, O my soul, this work thou do not miss.

Only one earth, and thou a sojourner,
Tarrying to help the stress, upon thy way.
Then train thine eyes far vision, O my soul!
Somewhere in realms of ether shines thy goal,
But leave thy record bright on earth's dark day.

Growing Old

My sad gray hair! I know 'tis here and there
Among the locks of brown; once my bright crown.

I look and sigh, as the years fleeting by,
Each hastes some frost to sow, heralding snow.

This is the snow of age, full well I know;
While my brain glowing teems with youthful dreams.

It scarce can be, I've left that fair countree;
The rosy land of youth: 'tis dream of ruth.

'Twas yesterday, I went to school away;
Toiled up with eager hope ambition's slope.

Then far away were age, and tresses gray;
Off many and many a year—they are not here!

Ah well! ah well! I shall not always dwell
Where age brings shadows gray, and one may say:

“She's growing old; her life's best years are told,
Young feet have swifter pace, fill up her place.”

Some time, in sleep, I'll glide beyond the sweep
Of age, and time, and tears, and wake where years

No shadows throw, no bitter memories grow,
No mournful songs entwine age and decline.

On the Heights

So far up the hill of life am I,
When the air is clear I can descry,
Beyond the blue mountains farthest rim,
The walls of a city shining dim.

Unto that city, my pathway is leading,
Rough, and steep, with my feet a-bleeding,
But ever and ever, on I go,
I shall reach my home at the evening's glow.

Up and up, ever higher and higher,
Plainer, the home of my heart's desire.
My life shall never go down the hill,
The sun gets low, but I climb up still.

On a golden cloud from the farthest height,
Or a crystal span, or a line of light,
My feet shall go onward, up into the glow
Of a wondrous day, when the sun is low.

Citizen of the Universe

This is not evening twilight, 'tis the dawning;
Fairer and plainer grow the hills afar,
I am not folding up my hands from labor;
Freshly I lift them while the paling star
Melts into light.

O, vaster, grander, grows the world before me.
The shadows vanish in the rising ray.
I am not aged; I am just beginning
Through God's great universe to make my way.
With soul alert, on-pressing toward a day
Unhemmed by night.

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